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IN MEMORIAM

ELIZABETH McCORMICK



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IN MEMORIAM

ELIZABETH McCORMICK



Elizabeth McCormick

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ELIZABETH McCORMICK

Entered the Earthly Life

July 12, 1892

Entered the Heavenly Life

January 25, 1905

PRIVATELY PRINTED

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“AS THE HEART OF A LITTLE CHILD”

The twelve years of Elizabeth's life were no more eventful than the course of a little brook that rises among the hills and flows, with a clear and joyous current, through the green meadows, or under the trees, where its bright ripples change to deep, shady pools. Yet, like the brook, her young life deepened and broadened, becoming stronger and sweeter with every year, until it passed,—with a swiftness that seemed strange and inexplicable to sorrowing hearts left here,—into the infinite ocean of the Divine Love that fills Eternity.

Elizabeth was not one of those remarkable children of whom it may be said, “They have a biography.” She was only a child, in spite of a growth which outstripped her years and which, had she been less unconscious, would have made her awkward. Just a happy, joyous child she

was, finding pleasure in the simplest things, in a frank unconscious way, which showed to those who loved her the transparency of her nature.

And yet beneath the laughter, the merry jokes and innocent playfulness which only endeared her to all with whom she came in contact, her young mind was often pondering over deep thoughts, and developing strong, intelligent views of religion and morality. She was thinking out for herself some of the problems of life and giving expression to her opinions with a frankness such as comes only from utter unconsciousness of self. A few weeks before her death, after a study of *Thanatopsis*, which touched an answering chord in her heart, Elizabeth wrote the following lines:

THE PRESENT

Set not thy heart upon the future, or some day
The bubble thou hast blown in hope, will break
And leave thee sad and cheerless. Yet look not on
the past,
Or it might darken all that's best and beautiful
In life, or leave thee listless and afraid

To take up again thy burden, and to journey
Ever onward on the endless path of life.
So let not thy motto be "I shall" or "did,"
But always live the best of mottoes — "Thus I do!"

With Elizabeth the expression of her thoughts in prose or verse was an absorbing passion. She had a habit of dreaming over the fancies which came to her in the routine of life's commonplace duties. "I have such a fine idea," were words often upon her lips, in tones of fresh and happy enthusiasm; and, when the idea had been committed to paper, she had the natural childish desire that some one should listen to it.

The reading of some favorite author was often an incentive to write, perhaps in unconscious imitation of his style. It was after reading some of Henry van Dyke's stories, notably the volume entitled "Fisherman's Luck," that Elizabeth wrote a little sketch called "Pierre Lavranche," an incident of Normandy peasant life, characterized by a choice of words and by a pathos far beyond anything that her years and experience could have taught her. "Fisherman's Luck" does not supply any part of her little story, but

throughout it there is the subtle suggestion of an admired master's influence. That some of her ideas were born of true poetic fancy, whether

“bred,

Or in the heart or in the head,”

is evident on looking over a little blank-book kept in her desk, in which she had written many of them. Crude they are and young, but characterized by poetic thought, by the instinctive reaching out of the mind to grasp the beautiful.

These verses, entitled “A Dream,” were written in August, 1904:

The wavelets were kissing the shore good-night,
The wind sang a lullaby,
And fading fast was the last daylight
And night was drawing nigh.

The sky was painted in the west
With crimson, gold and blue;
The sun was sinking to his rest
To rise in the morn anew.

And then as I gazed on the sapphire water,
I saw a ship all white

And in the prow was the stately daughter
Of the Queen of the Isle of Delight.

Her dress was woven of moonbeams clear,
Her crown was of purest gold,
In which was set, like a sparkling tear,
A diamond, brilliant but cold.

As she stepped from the boat she extended her
hands
And cried in a voice sweet and clear,
"Come with me to the fairy lands—
Stay no longer here!"

But I never answered the fair Wilhelmine,
For almost before she had done,
I awoke with a start, and found I had been
Asleep in the rays of the sun.

In the same blank-book, with its naïve title
written in a girlish hand,

BOOK OF POEMS

1903

ELIZABETH McCORMICK

is a water-color sketch, showing a stretch of
sea-shore, a light-house on a distant headland

just appearing beyond a sloping hill, and two little boats with sails set, under an azure sky flecked with clouds. On the opposite page is

A JUNE SONG

The wind is gently blowing
Over the calm blue sea,
Wafting the white-winged ships
Nearer to you and to me.

The sky is as blue as the waters ;
And the little clouds up there
Are playing at hide-and-go-seek
Without a tho't or a care.

Stretching back from the shore-line
Are the meadows fresh and green,
Where the soft-eyed cattle are feeding
And the sweet wild roses are seen.

They peep out from their coverts
With that sweet and winning air,
That only June can give them —
The month that is most fair.

Elizabeth wrote letters with great ease and delight, and they reflect all the charm of her manner. Overflowing with affection they are

toward those she loved, gravely but gracefully courteous toward her elders outside the family circle, full of fun and frolic when written to intimate friends. Even the earliest of them are free from stiffness and they show, as she grew older, an increasing liveliness of description, and are often illustrated by little sketches. Here and there are allusions to characters in books—a rare feature in a child's letters—but made so naturally that it is evident that they were very real people to her.

In the study of Art, Elizabeth gave evidence of decided talent, and worked with pencil, colors, or clay with the same intensity she put into her writing. She drew with ease and delicacy of touch and with a keen appreciation of lines of beauty, and showed an innate perception of the artistic values of colors. "She used her brush like a man," said her teacher. "Her strokes indicated nothing of the indecision of a child." He further said that her presence exerted a marked influence upon the Art class to which she belonged. The little hum of trivial talk, irrelevant chatter, incident to the beginning of

the lesson, ceased when Elizabeth, with her mind bent upon making the most of the lesson, came in and, walking straight to her easel, took out her pencils and brushes and, in a businesslike way, began her task. Although eager to be guided in her work, she was impatient of receiving any mechanical assistance and often begged her teacher to show her the stroke on another paper, so that every part of the sketch upon which she was working might be honestly her own. An instinctive correctness of perception and excellent artistic taste, nurtured by familiarity with good pictures, made her able to distinguish the merits and the faults in her own and others' work.

To her study of music, Elizabeth brought the same qualities of receptivity and poetical appreciation noticeable in her writing and sketching. Always faithful in her practicing, her progress up to the last year had been hardly out of the normal; but keeping pace with her ambition had come a beautiful unfolding of quality of tone and interpretative power, mature for a child of her years. From the first her sympathetic touch was the natural expression of a harmonious soul.

The poetic feeling which strove for expression as she played Mendelssohn's "Consolation" marks her passage through the gateway of a broader experience.

Ruskin says that "the first home virtue of girls is to be intensely happy." Elizabeth's nature was rich in happiness. And with all the spontaneous joy of mere living, of pleasure in physical things, in the satisfying of all simple and natural desires, in pleasant companionships and congenial tasks and environment, another life, the life of the imagination, was going on. In a poem of Dante Gabriel Rossetti these lines occur:

" My life has been apart
In shining brightness and the place of truth."

Must we not feel that the "shining brightness" which illumined this child's soul was a part of the preparation her earthly life was giving her for the perfect light?

Too young for any real understanding of dogma, Elizabeth possessed to an unusual degree the first element of religious practice—reverence, without which there can be no true wor-

ship. A disregard of Christian observances on the part of any one for whom she cared caused her real pain. There was nothing morbid about Elizabeth; religion in her was only the natural, healthy development of a faith, hope, and charity, inherited, inborn, and inculcated by example and precept from her earliest years. An appeal for help in some philanthropic work frequently aroused her sympathy. Soon after her death came the acknowledgment of a small sum sent to a Foreign Mission work in which she was interested, given out of her pocket-money, without consulting any one.

Even in trivial matters she was unusually conscientious, and had absolute regard for the truth and a fine contempt for all sham and pretense. In her mind right and wrong were separated by no shadowy and indistinct line, and for her a subterfuge for the sake of escaping censure was out of the question.

Innate rectitude and a sweet reasonableness made Elizabeth, with her superior intellectual powers, a most gratifying pupil. All her teachers, even those of two or three years ago, found

in her not only an apt and interesting student but an inspiring one. Nor could she have endeared herself so tenderly to her schoolmates had not her mental endowments been coupled with lack of egotism and self-complacency. Into all the play of her companions, Elizabeth entered most heartily; yet with the sense of delicacy common to high-bred natures, and always with a generous consideration for the feelings of others. Often, since her departure, have her schoolmates recalled the gracious welcome she always extended to a new pupil, and her tender, really protective manner toward girls whose shyness amid new surroundings held them back from participation in school affairs. Among friends of her own age, the lighter side of her nature was naturally the most apparent. The still depths must have been known only to those most intimately connected with her and to her teachers, who noted the lighting up of her intelligent face on the reception of some new truth.

Elizabeth had not a strong sense of humor, but was a clever mimic, and often said fanciful things which made evident her imagination.

Once when some one proposed reading "Pickwick Papers" aloud to her, she replied, "Oh, no! You must not read that; you have not a Dickens voice" — a peculiarity which she said her governess possessed. In visiting different villages on the Maine coast one summer, she frequently noticed people who seemed to be typical Dickens characters. Or she would exclaim of some, — "Aren't they just like Cranford ladies?" and laughingly recall some episode in Mrs. Gaskell's book. For each member of the family, for the household servants, and for many with whom she was intimately connected, she had pet names, amusingly but lovingly bestowed.

For both her homes Elizabeth felt a passionate love. But on Walden, which had been brought out of a tangled wilderness, she lavished an affection in which every tree had a place. One summer her letters from the seashore, to her father at Walden, were filled with cleverly drawn plans for a new avenue of approach to the house and a vigorous protest against the sacrifice of certain trees; and some of her most carefully executed sketches are of groups of trees or

bits of the garden at her beloved Walden. She would sit on the porch, drinking in the beauty of leaves and flowers, of sky and grass; or wander through the woods exclaiming with delight over the wild flowers for whose annual coming she eagerly looked as for the visits of old friends. In the hush of evening she often stood upon the bluff in rapt enjoyment or called others to see the splendor of the sunset afterglow on sky and lake.

In the manner of this child, so utterly free from the constraint engendered by self-consciousness, so spontaneously happy, lay a charm which alone would have drawn to her much genuine affection, even had she not possessed

“A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.”

Last year a friend of the family said that Elizabeth constantly brought to her mind Tennyson's words, “Divinely tall and most divinely fair.” Very tall and graceful she was. Her face, low-browed and oval, was framed by masses of deep golden hair which lent itself to the play of sunshine and shade. In strong contrast to her

hair were her large dark eyes of an inscrutable color, with long, black lashes, crowned by delicate and straight eyebrows. Her mouth, large and of beautiful shape, increased the impression of strong character made by the thoughtful depths of her eyes. But more attractive than beauty of feature was the rare responsiveness of her expression at sight of a friend or the suggestion of a new idea. The soul which looked out of her eyes invested all its surroundings with a share of its own beauty, and its inner radiance made her face luminous.

Elizabeth's sincere desire to please, her simple unaffected way with those who served her, the frank pleasant greeting she gave to her elders, a sweet friendliness with her teachers — all these open indications of loveliness of character made her personality one not to be forgotten. To the outside world Elizabeth was a beautiful, winning, unaffected girl, endowed with an appreciation for the good things in books and paintings. But who can picture the endless varieties of grace and tenderness and intellectual alertness displayed to those who



loved her best and on whom she lavished her deepest affection? It was in her home that the most illuminating characteristics of her child-nature were seen; the happy sense of dependence upon father and mother, the serene confidence that in them guidance was always to be found, and natural pride in her relationship to the dearly loved members of the home circle.

In the home, too, as nowhere else, was visible the budding womanliness to which each year added charm. Toward her elder brother she glowed with a sweet sisterly pride, and to him she gave the loving companionship of a kindred spirit. Of late, especially, had been noticeable a growing tenderness toward her younger brother, even a sweet motherliness at times, such as belongs by right to every true woman's heart. To her mother Elizabeth looked for her model, and one might trace many evidences of unconscious imitation. Frank, even to transparency toward each other, their sympathy grew into a trustfulness which allowed no misunderstanding. The child had such an innate sense of the fitness of things that her training must have been an

easy task. With her father she was in perfect accord and for him she felt a rapturous affection. Never did a shadow fall between them. No irritation or blame did the girl ever read in her father's face as he looked at her, and never for one moment was she disappointed in her ideal of him. To her he was always the "Dearest of all Papas,"—the loving words with which many of her letters to him begin. And between the two existed intimate comradeship. Said one who knew them well, "They were never out of tune with each other."

If there is any infallible proof whether a child's heart is right and its development normal, it is the attitude of that child toward those whose years should win respect. An intimate friend, writing to her sorrowing parents, said: "I shall never forget how Elizabeth's attitude of gentleness toward her grandmother, as shown in many little things, impressed me as I have frequently watched her at church. These were simply unconscious manifestations of character, which, with your intimate experience of it, must now be priceless possessions and remain the most pre-

cious memory of your lives.” Elizabeth’s love for her grandmother found expression in a gentle deference, a pleasure in her society, and thorough enjoyment of common interests in spite of the difference in their years.

A present-day writer tells us that “we are not simple enough to be happy and to render others so. We lack the singleness of heart and the self-forgetfulness.” “And Jesus called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Beautiful is the thought that there are those who, possessing simplicity of heart, have never lost it and still keep it in a better world. Elizabeth’s was one of those pure natures which think no evil. Truly, such “shall see God.” Life did not seem at all complex to her when her child’s heart found expression in this little prayer, written two years ago:

Hear me, then, O Father,
Hear me while I pray,
Love me, lead me, keep me,
Guide me night and day.

SERVICES AT THE HOUSE

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

The keynote of the whole service at the house was struck by the organ as it pealed forth the grand Chorale of Bach, "With peace and joy will I depart." This was followed by Handel's Largo, two selections from Beethoven, and the solemn Grail music from Parsifal. The same untroubled spirit breathed in the beautiful hymn, Elizabeth's favorite, with its strong, reassuring refrain, "Thy will be done!"

My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
 "Thy will be done!"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine:
 "Thy will be done!"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
 "Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done!"

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done!"

Then Dr. Notman, bound to the family by years of close connection as their pastor, read these words of Scripture, comforting to sad hearts:

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.

My beloved is gone down to his garden to gather lilies.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

In that hour came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who then is greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And He called to Him a little child, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me.

And they brought unto Him little children, that He should touch them: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus called them unto Him, saying, Suffer the little children to come unto Me; forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein. And He took them in His arms, and blessed them, laying His hands upon them.

Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you:
not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your
heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

The hymn which followed, "I think when I
read that sweet story of old," recalled the tender
words just read. This hymn, ever dear to child-
ren's hearts, Elizabeth once asked Dr. Notman
to have sung in church.

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when
He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

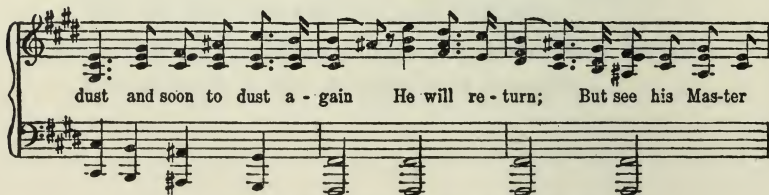
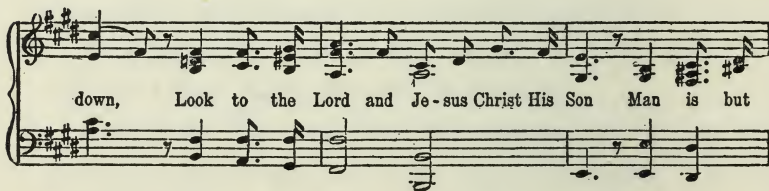
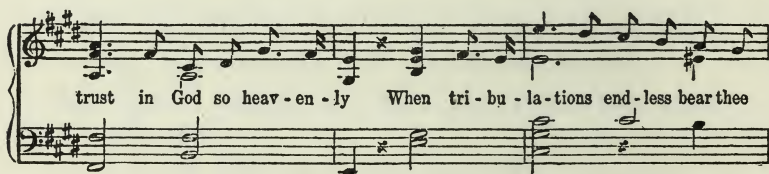
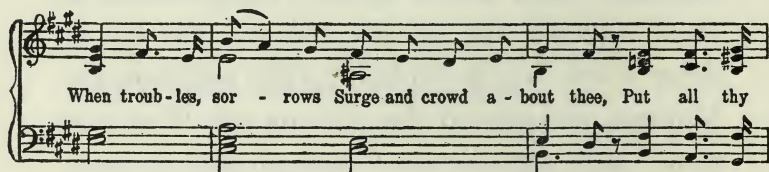
But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

Two weeks before her death, Elizabeth one Sunday evening asked her father and mother to listen to her singing of Mendelssohn's "Consolation" with words which, they learned to their surprise, she had written to that music. After a few words explaining the incident, Dr. Notman announced the singing of "Consolation" with the words Elizabeth had written.

WORDS TO "CONSOLATION."

MENDELSSOHN (OLD STYLE).*

NOTE: The words are to be slurred to suit the music.*



*Elizabeth made these notes on the manuscript.

then Oh life is but like a day There-fore be hap-py all the

way God has a reas-on For trials and tri-bu-la-tions

He does or-dain the strife twixt na-tions Why He does

this We can-not know. "Thy will be done" May we e'er say it

so.

Then Dr. Stone, rector of St. James' church, read the lesson from the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, beginning at the twentieth verse:

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at His coming. Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when He shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power. For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For He hath put all things under His feet. But when He saith, all things are put under Him, it is manifest that He is excepted, which did put all things under Him. And when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all. Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead? And why stand we in jeopardy every hour? I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth

it me if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die. Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame. But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool! that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed His own body. All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: It is sown in a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from Heaven. As is the earthy, such are they that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality; then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

And with the triumph of the Resurrection still ringing in the ears of all present, the choir sang:

Hark ! hark, my soul ! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat
shore ;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
" Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ";
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing;
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at
last.

Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

The following prayers by Dr. Notman brought
the service to a close:

Almighty and everlasting God, who sendeth forth Thy Spirit and we are created, and who takest away our breath and we die and return to the dust, we bow with reverence before Thy inscrutable judgments; remembering that Thou who orderest all things according to Thine own will in heaven and earth, art also our merciful and loving Father, who dost not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, but dost correct us, that we may be partakers of Thy holiness. We would, therefore, be subject unto Thee, saying, The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Give us grace to lay to heart this and every warning of Thy providence. Cleanse us from all our iniquities; deliver us from the dominion of sin, that we may be delivered from the fear and the power of death; and sanctify us through Thy Holy Spirit, that whether we live, we may live unto the Lord, or whether we die, we may die unto the Lord; that whether we live or die we may be the Lord's.

Father of all mercies and God of all comfort, look down in tender love and pity upon Thy bereaved servants whose joy is turned into mourning, so that, while they mourn, they may not murmur or faint under Thy rod; but, remembering all Thy mercies, Thy promises, and Thy love in Christ, may resign themselves meekly into Thy hands, to be taught and disciplined by Thee. Convert them wholly to Thyself, and fill

their desolate hearts with Thy love, that they may cleave more closely to Thee, who bringest life out of death, and who canst turn their grief into eternal joy.

Heavenly Father, even when our hearts are filled with sorrow and our eyes with tears, we desire grace to help us to see light amid the encircling gloom. Thou didst lend for a short span of years to this family, and to their friends, one to whom Thou didst give so many gifts and graces of soul and of spirit. We thank Thee for the thoughtfulness, the love, and the kindness with which she was so wonderfully endowed; for her single-hearted conscientiousness in the discharge of all her duties and her unselfish and gentle service of others. We thank Thee, too, for that love of Thyself, Thy Son Jesus Christ our Saviour, and of everything good, which Thou didst put into her heart, and for the joy she experienced in helping, in her own childlike way, every good cause. And now that Thou hast called her to Thyself, we would neither murmur nor complain; but rather think that, in Thy love and goodness, Thou hast translated her into a holier presence, and given her a higher service to render. And while she cannot return to us, one day we shall go to her. Cheer and comfort us, therefore, O Holy Father, with these happy memories and this Immortal Hope.

Grant that, being animated by her good example, we may run the race that is set before us; not being

weary in well-doing, or fainting when we are rebuked of Thee; that when this transitory world is passed away, we may again be joined with our dear friends, departed in the Lord, in Thy kingdom of glory, where there shall be no more sickness or sighing, pain, sorrow, or death, for the former things shall have passed away.

These things we ask through our Lord Jesus Christ, who was dead and is alive forevermore, and hath taught us thus to pray:

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, remain with us always. Amen.

As the casket was being taken from the house, the choir sang the glorious words of St. Bernard's old hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," which Elizabeth greatly loved.

Jerusalem the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest;
I know not, oh, I know not,
 What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory!
 What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All-jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,—
 And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
 That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

The service ended with a grand Chorale of Bach and the last chorus from his Oratorio, The St. Matthew Passion.

SERVICES AT GRACELAND

The day had been cold and threatening, but soon after the service began the sky brightened, and grew clearer as the family left the house for Graceland. And while the words of Committal, strong with the Resurrection hope, were read by Dr. Notman, the western sky purpled and shone in a sunset glory, resplendent in contrast to the lowering clouds all day—the promise of a brighter morrow. A fitting symbol it was of the Resurrection, brought so near to all hearts by the presence of Death and the solemn words of the closing prayer :

“I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die.

“I *know* that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

“Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.”

With a firm faith in the immortal life, in loving recognition of the Fatherhood of God and of the Saviour, Jesus Christ, we bring to its final resting-place this body in which a loved one dwelt, and commit earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, while we rejoice and give thanks for the hope that already she has entered into the home above, the house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

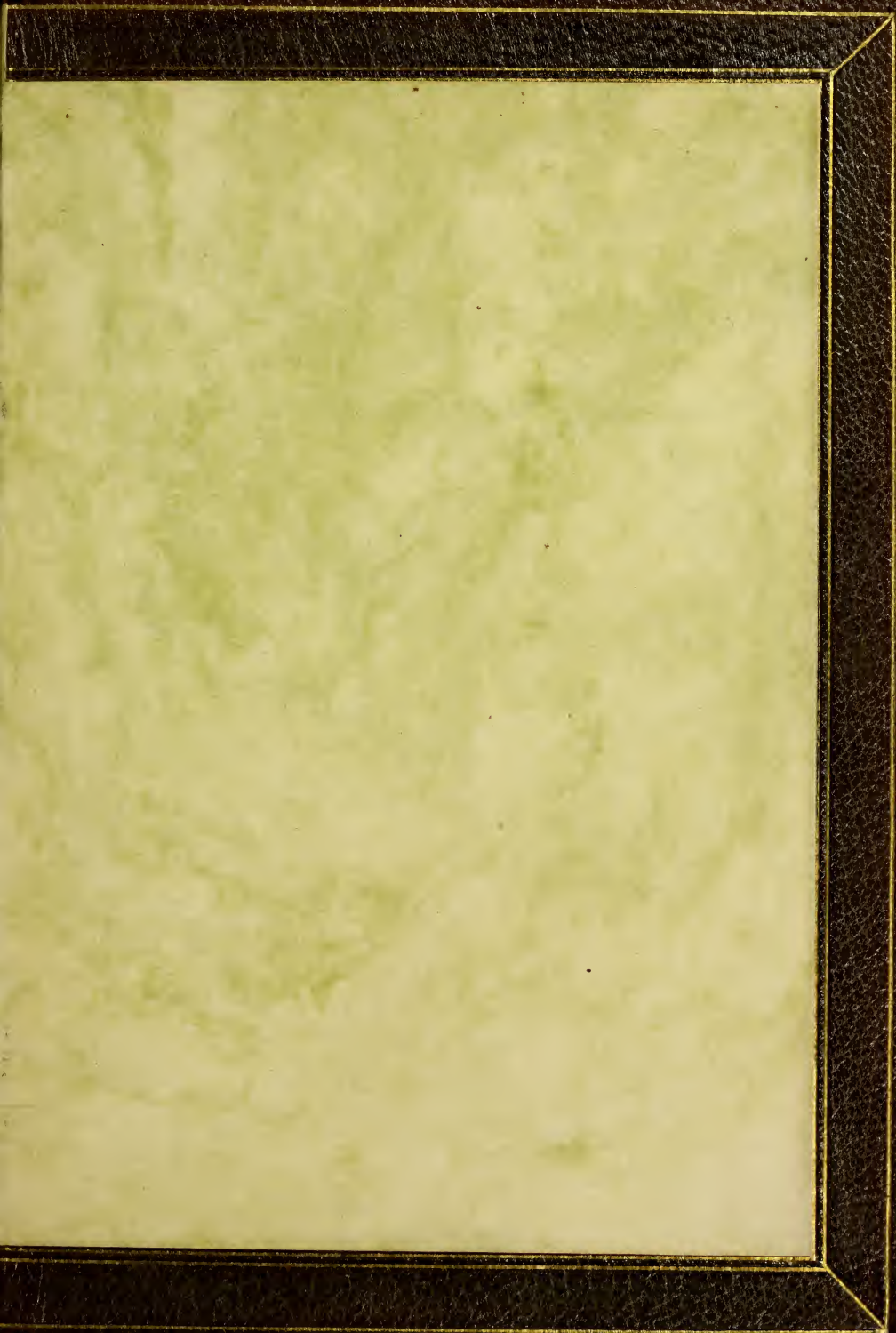
Let us pray. Our Father, we pray that Thou wilt be graciously near these friends as they lay away the form in which their loved one dwelt; and after that has gone, may they find their home radiant and beautiful with her spiritual presence, and with the light and peace of the Spirit of God.

O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth, shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth and believeth in him shall not die eternally; who also hath taught us, by his holy Apostle Saint Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in him. We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life we

may rest in him ; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in Thy sight, and receive the blessing which Thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear Thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant this, we beseech Thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.





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